

November, 1930, 10c

Weltmer's

M A G A Z I N E



A Roadside Ozark Spring, By Ernest Weltmer.

Psychology~Healing~Prosperity

The Weltmer Correspondence Course

The Practical, Scientific Application of the Modern Knowledge of Psychology To Real Life

Good health, a good education, even wealth may fail to bring success and happiness because of failure properly to apply the laws of Psychology to the solution of life's daily problems. Poor health often can be changed for good health; a poor education may be prevented from becoming a serious handicap; and poverty can be changed for wealth by a proper application of the laws of psychology to the problems of everyday life.

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The answer to all of these questions has been found in the practical application of the laws of psychology to real life.

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relation to other men and the universe. After you have acquired a good working knowledge of life and your relation to it, you have but to establish yourself in the habits and modes of action which will enable you to claim the things you desire.

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When one becomes master of the deeper powers of life and conscious of his power over himself and others, he is better able to succeed in any undertaking. When he achieves this consciousness of mastery he finds himself not only able to achieve greater things in the realms of the ordinary activities of life but he is able to learn to heal by the silent thought, the spoken word, and the ministering hand.

The study of the Weltmer Correspondence Course prepares you to be successful, healthy and happy in any walk of life. It teaches you to heal the sick, whether your own loved ones or your patients in professional practice. Fill out the blank on the next page and send it in at once. The price at present is only \$50.00 cash or \$65.00 on easy payments. This price is subject to increase without notice.

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A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Here is a good number, but late again.
The December number will follow at
once.

We have some remarkably good stuff
for you in the next number. Dr. Olson's
study of the Miracle-Worker is some-
thing you can not afford to miss.

Be sure to look into the Holiday
Course. That is the best thing you
ever saw in its line.

Be sure to take advantage of the of-
fers on pages 16 and 17. That offer
will soon be withdrawn. Get in while
the getting is good.

Christmas Ever Green

By ERNEST WELTMER.

If I should ever live again,
Oh Father, God, then let it be
With some who love me, on a hill,
Among the mountains, on a plain,
Or where a sparkling, singing rill
Comes down to join the sea.

Let me live in a neighborhood,
Where folk belong, and stay,
Where friends accept me, bad or good,
Where men have time for play.

I want a town of Christmas trees,
Where every breath is spiced and sweet,
With healing balm in every breeze,
From Christmas trees along the street,
Behind the homes like forests grown,
In all the corners 'round the lawn,
For every living child its own,
And all the little ones long gone.

I want to live where love is law
That needs no writing down in books,
Where pity is man's greatest flaw
And men are men, not saints and crooks;
Where men love life in every thing,
And Christmas love keep ever green,
In trees that ceaseless carols sing,
Where winter death is never seen.

Let that, Oh Father, be my home,
If once again I greet Life's morn,
From such a home I'd never roam,
But live my life where I was born:
On hill or plain, or by the sea,
A home with love, a plot of ground,
And tall and green my Christmas tree,
With all my children's clust'ring 'round,
Were home and heaven both, for me.

**YOU
CAN
HAVE
HEALTH**



**YOU
CAN
HAVE
WEALTH**

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There are no Hopeless Cases.

There is no Incurable Disease.

TIME

By Prof. S. A. Weltmer,

Edited by M. W. Hanford

The teaching of our childhood was that time is a part of eternity that is continually passing in review before man. Thus we have the idea that time passes.

Time does not move but we are moving through Time. We do the moving. Time, so far as we are concerned, is absolutely at rest. Time is that portion of eternity which we may measure. Just as truth must have a continuous existence, so must time be eternal in its character. Hence in order to comprehend truth, we might illustrate it as a

circle and man's highest conception could only comprehend one segment of this circle, yet it is all truth.

Mathematics is the science that deals with numbers. Numbers, no matter how difficult or intricate, or into how many parts or classifications the problem may be separated, we only increase or decrease the amount we start with. That is the principle that lies at the



S. A. Weltmer

solution of every mathematical problem. When we deal with life, we find that there is a principle lying back of our action in life. Just as in the manipulation of numbers there lies the one principle of increase and decrease, the scientist finds there lies at the basis of creation one eternal cause of things and this Infinite Source of things is continually unfolding.

Jesus said, "All things are possible to him that believeth." This principle lies at the basis of every human action, of every achievement, little

or great, covering a short period of time or leaving their impress upon the ages. In discovering the application of the principle we extend our conception of the truth and find lying at the basis of every conception the same identical truth, no matter what line of investigation we take—Natural or applied sciences; history or biography; useful or fine arts; philosophy, or religion. The prin-

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ciple lying at the basis of everything is truth and that principle has in it the idea of eternity and measureless extent.

Time does not take from us any opportunities. Time is not responsible for the neglect of a duty which we should have done yesterday and which we are doing to-day. Time does not come into any consideration of the value of anything. This REAL MAN who lives here in this physical body knows no such limitation as Time; has no conception of it.

The Past is only that portion of eternity over whose roads and byways our feet have trod. The vibrating footsteps of those who have passed over the ground before us can even be heard now by those who listen to the voice of the ages. That portion over which we have not trod is the future, the unexplored part of eternity yet to be seen.

The mind knows nothing but eternity. Our weak memories sometimes in dreams carry us away into that part of eternity to which in our conscious minds we may not be able to rise for a thousand years. It takes the student in his study, the artist in his gallery back over eternity until he stands with Michael Angelo as he chips the marble away from the angel he sees. This mind of ours is co-eternal with the Infinite. The mind knows no such thing as the measurement of Time. The mind considers eternity as a great field over which man passes to get experience.

We do not receive any benefit, any increase of power or intelligence until we have expressed what we do possess. Jesus' argument was: "For whosoever hath to him shall be given, and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath." We must recognize the existence of our talents and then be willing to use them. The persons who recognize within themselves the power to do something are the persons who use that power and then they find the supply is sufficient

for the demands they make upon it and that their talents have increased in value by using them.

The passage of time has nothing to do with our opportunities. We should try to comprehend eternity, to know the resources are unlimited and can only be limited by our unbelief and ignorance. By what we know we can get a glimpse of what can be known.

We are traversing this great plane of eternity and leaving upon each shining hour an impress that is as eternal as the years themselves. The moment NOW is the time to be used. All we can do with the past is to learn of life's pitfalls and lay aside anything that would cause the slightest disposition on our part to retrace those steps. No matter how many joys we have experienced, the backward look cannot bring half the joy that can be seen in looking ahead.

With the REAL MAN a day is a thousand years and a thousand years is as a day. We can step back and forth in our memory. Not only can we step back forty years, but we can step back thousands of years and walk with Plato and Homer because this REAL MAN knows that time does not move and we are only leaving our footsteps wherever we go.

As long as we hold the thought that we are children of the Source of All Power which Jesus so lovingly calls "My Father," and that we are entitled to all the perfect things of earth and heaven, we move onward. But when we forget this and become associated with those things that will cause us to believe otherwise, then we move backward. And sometimes it requires the strength of a Joshua for us to say, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." We will look onward to a perfect result. Not only is there a present help about us but we find a protecting hand unlimited in its power and wisdom guiding us on. And one measure of real joy is worth a large measure of Time without it.

The Artist's Quest

By ROSE UMBREIT.

CHAPTER ONE

Vito Nassa, the artist, beamed with satisfaction as his keen black eyes compared the picture he had just completed with the face of the child who sat before him.

"Well, lad, I've finished. Come and see yourself."

The five-year-old child slid from the chair where he had been posing and approached the picture expectantly. A smile parted his lips as he gazed at his own likeness. "That Charles," he said, standing so close that he almost touched the picture as he pointed.

It was the face of a healthy, happy little boy. His cheeks were plump and rosy, his eyes big, intelligent, innocent, his smile sunny. He bore the stamp of the well-born, carefully reared child. The chief attraction of the little face lay in its expression of friendly confidence which seemed to say, "I like everyone and I know everyone likes me."

The slender pale-faced artist continued to view his work with satisfaction. "I am going to call that picture, 'Innocence,'" he said to the proud mother who was preparing to leave the studio with the child.

Her face brightened, "He is all I have, since my husband was taken away," she confided. "Oh, if I were only sure he'll be a good man!" She flushed slightly and paused in embarrassment as if she had unintentionally disclosed a secret. "I suppose," she continued with an apologetic smile, "every mother longs to see her son become a great man. I'm ready to make any sacrifice to help my boy develop what talent he has, but I'll be satisfied if he is only good, if he only keeps the sweet innocent purity that shines from his face."

Nassa's penetrating eyes were turned on the woman. They were sharp black eyes that pierced all externals and read the very soul.

"I see, that is your one purpose of life—to help this little chap grow up into an ideal man. Has he given any evidence of what occupation he will choose?"

The mother pointed to her small son, who, all unconscious of the fact that he was the subject of conversation, now sat on the floor

absorbed in carefully bandaging with his winning smile as he felt his mother's gaze upon him. The mother's eyes met those of the artist.

"I see, a future Mayo, no doubt. What a privilege to be entrusted with the making of a man. What day-dreams—what ambitions a mother must have! What a vision of Motherhood you have given me!"

After a pause he continued: "I suppose every life has its ideals and purposes. One of mine has been realized today when I finished painting one of the sweetest child faces I have ever seen. Some day I am going to hang beside this picture of your son, the likeness of a man who has controlled none of his evil tendencies, but has encouraged his brute nature to the limit. I am going to call the picture, 'Self Indulgence.' The effect of such a contrast will cry out its own warning."

There was a long silence. Then Mrs. Bergen spoke: "It would be hopelessly depressing to those best prepared to understand, wouldn't it?" she asked almost timidly.

The young artist's face lighted up immediately, "I'm glad you understand. It is that very fact that has aroused the greatest ambition I have ever known. I want to paint a third picture—a face strongly expressive of self conflict—the face of a man who has fallen to the lowest depths and then has repented, reformed, and made amends. But so far I've been unable to find a model."

Presently the woman and child departed. Nassa sat absorbed in a vain endeavor to visualize the face that had so persistently evaded him, and darkness fell about him.

Year followed year, and the gifted artist neglected no opportunity to add to his famous paintings, bits of natural scenery, and striking bits of human and animal life. Yet no picture in his collection did he prize more highly than that of the innocent childish face he had painted fifteen years before. And often he thought of the mother and son, and he longed to know if the mother's dream had come true.

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One beautiful autumn morning, Nassa arose earlier than was his custom. He had been accomplishing little for some time. He had lacked not so much subjects to paint, as the mood for painting. He had decided to test whether a long walk in the early morning of a beautiful Indian Summer day might not furnish, not only especially desirable material, but also the will to work.

The artist's combined studio and home stood on the outskirts of the city. To the westward lay a long strip of natural timber stretching away far to the north and south. In an early day a very beautiful part of this natural park, which lay almost a mile south of his studio, had been chosen by the city as a cemetery.

This natural timber was the artist's usual haunt when he went for a walk. This morning he walked briskly, breathing deeply of the pure invigorating air. It was not his custom to go so far as the cemetery, but this morning he was approaching its edge before he realized he had come so far.

His old desire to paint a face so strongly expressive of lack of restraint that it seemed to personify Self-Indulgence had been unusually strong upon him of late. He sat down upon a large stump oblivious of everything else, even the early morning freshness and the natural beauty about him. Crimson sumac surrounded him. Above him towered a magnificent red-oak in its showy autumn attire. The sugar maples wore robes of gold, and intermingled with these bright colors were greens of every shade. And as he sat and mused, the rising sun threw a halo of splendor over all.

Presently a distant indistinct sound startled the artist. His eyes scanned the woods inquiringly. Finally they rested on an object far from him on the opposite side of the cemetery. At the first glance this dark object might have been mistaken for a newly-made grave, and such the artist judged it to be. Then he gave a start. The dark object moved. Nassa's body tensed and he sat motionless. The dark object was assuming an upright position. It was a man who had risen from the ground and was leaving the cemetery. His gait was unsteady and he was groping

his way as if in darkness or bewilderment. Then he stopped, his head dropped down into his hands and Nassa fancied he heard sobs. And as the artist gazed the stranger started slowly along the main road which led from the cemetery to the city, and soon disappeared from sight.

The artist sat wondering. All desire to paint had left him. Without any definite purpose in mind he arose and walked toward the place where he had first seen the man. He stood at the grave where he had seen the stranger stand. It was a woman's grave. He read her name. He fancied he had heard that name before—but he could not be sure and he could not tell when or where.

Then he followed the road the stranger had taken. As he walked along he absent-mindedly kicked an empty bottle from the path, but he did not associate that with the unsteady gait of the stranger. Soon his attention was given to the sights and sounds of the busy city he was entering and the stranger was forgotten.

He was approaching the railroad tracks when suddenly a man appeared on the walk before him. He had not been in sight a moment before and the artist wondered where he came from. The artist was fast overtaking him when the stranger turned abruptly toward a box car a short distance down the track. It was of the familiar type that has been retired from active railroad service and toward which the eye of law-abiding citizens is always turned in suspicion.

As the stranger turned he toppled and would have fallen but for the sturdy hand of the artist on his arm.

"What do you want with me?" glared the man jerking himself free as he suddenly faced the artist.

Nassa's face had grown ghostly white. His tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth now when he most wanted to use it. "Why, man, I've been hunting for you for years," he gasped.

The man gave a desperate lunge, but the artist only gripped his arm more tightly. "I have a job for you," he explained. "I'll pay you well."

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A look of evil cunning spread over the man's face. He winked shyly. "Somebody livin' too long " he chuckled.

The artist tried to laugh. "You guessed wrong. It is honest work. You will be taking no risk and I will pay you well."

"Well, I'm listenin'."

"I want to paint your picture."

An oath followed by a loud coarse laugh was the answer. Then as the artist sensed a sudden change in his companion he shrank back in horror, and he had dodged none too soon to escape the clenched fist of the prospective artist's model. The uncontrolled, fiendish expression the artist had caught in his assailant's face, was exactly the thing he wanted to paint. This fact emboldened Nassa in spite of his fears.

I beg your pardon, but you misjudged me. I am very serious."

The wicked gleam in the other's eye proved him still unconvinced. His voice was harsh and threatening as he asked, "Why?"

Nassa opened his mouth as if to answer, when suddenly he realized that explanations might not be advisable. Even this beast-like creature might resent personifying Self-Indulgence. He knew the other was watching him and he must decide quickly what to say. In his confusion he thrust his hands in his pockets. As he did so his fingers clasped over some loose silver dollars—and the opportune inspiration arrived. He drew his right hand containing the money from his pocket. There was confidence in his manner now as he drew nearer to his companion, holding the money in his open hand close to the other's eyes.

"Every man has his hobby. Mine is to paint your picture."

"Money talks with me," he answered and the gleam of avarice that shone from the bleared eyes was not lost on the observant artist.

"So I judged."

"The mayor cleaned me out yesterday," he observed, drawing an empty wallet from his pocket and holding it upside down as proof of his statement. "And luck was agin' me last night."

"You wouldn't object to an occasional sip when the job gets tiresome?"

"I wouldn't expect you to abstain," answered Nassa.

Then followed an arrangement of terms, and as most of the forenoon was still before them they went to the studio at once and work was begun.

During the days that followed, the artist studied his model's face and character as he worked. His first impression was only more deeply confirmed. He had a theory that there is always a vulnerable spot in the armor of wickedness with which any person surrounds himself, yet in this man he had yet found none.

The vagabond had come to the studio for the last time, the picture was almost completed.

"I am late," he apologized as he entered. He seemed more human, less under the influence of liquor than usual. "I stayed too long with mother." The artist looked surprised, but the other sank down in his accustomed seat without further remark and was soon lost in his own thoughts.

The picture was almost finished yet Nassa wanted once more to see the expression which was the purpose of the picture. Liquor, the artist had observed, seemed to loosen the hands of restraint and bring out the worst in the man's nature.

He moved the bottle closer to his model remarking, "You and Gin seem to be real good friends. Would you mind telling me how you first became acquainted?"

(To be Concluded.)

SEND THE NAME

of some one who needs the service of the Weltmer Institute. There are many failures who could become successful. There are many sorrowing ones who could be comforted. Tell us what they need and let us write to them telling them how the Weltmer Institute can serve them. The Weltmer Institute, Nevada, Mo.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY COURSE in METAPSYCHOLOGY

**December 29, 1930 to January 16, 1931.
The Weltmer Institute, Nevada, Missouri**

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9:00 to 9:30 A.M. SPIRITUAL UNFOLDMENT FOR HEALING.
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10:30 to 11:15 A.M. MAGNETISM OR MANEFFLUVIUM AND ITS APPLICATIONS.
11:30 to 12:00 Noon, PUBLIC LECTURE.
2:00 to 2:30 P.M. TELEPATHY AND ABSENT TREATMENT METHODS.
2:45 to 3:15 P.M. PSYCHOMETRY, SCRYING, AND MIND READING.
3:30 to 4:00 P.M. MEDIUMSHIP IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.
4:15 to 4:45 P.M. CLAIRVOYANCE, INTUITION, & OCCULT DIAGNOSIS.
7:30 to 9:30 P.M. EXPERIMENTS, SEANCES, PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS.

In this program we have a complete scientific treatment of all phases of practical metapsychology. You will learn to do the things that can be done and learn to distinguish between what can be done to advantage and what will only deceive you and disappoint your efforts. There is no more dangerous study than that of metapsychology when its study is undertaken alone or under the direction of a teacher who does not understand the practical applications and the dangers of this study. There is no more productive and fruitful study when your teacher understands the subject and your needs. The study of metapsychology in the Weltmer School will enrich your whole life immeasurably and make you safe against the dangers that threaten the health, sanity, and the happiness of the uninitiated.

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JESUS SAID "THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU." The kingdom of God within is the source of all your power for the accomplishment of high aims.

Your life manifests your spiritual powers. The life of your body is the life of you in your body. Your mental life is a manifestation of your mental powers. That mystical "you" of which all personal and tangible things in your life are but manifestations, has yet undreamed of powers.

Many of your deeper powers belong to the realm of the occult. They can be awakened, trained, and set to accomplish your life purposes. Anyone who does not know and who cannot use the powers of his deeper nature does not know himself, and his power over life and circumstances.

A Christmas Gift To You.

THE WELTMER INSTITUTE HOLIDAY CLASS will train you in making practical the use of the powers of the kingdom within.

THE WELTMER INSTITUTE HOLIDAY CLASS is a Christmas gift to the world. It is a gift of the spirit. We also make it a material gift by cutting the price in half. The price for this wonderful course of 120 lessons is only \$25.00.

The investment of \$25.00 for tuition, a few dollars for traveling expenses, and no more for living expenses than it would cost you at home, at a time of the year when you could do very little business if you remained in your office and when collections are worse than no good, will pay you big dividends for the rest of your life. Business never gets back to normal until after the middle of January and you could not make a better investment of your time than to spend it studying this wonderful course in fundamental principles of masterhood.

Come to the Weltmer Institute for this great class. Prepare to make the rest of your living a demonstration of the deeper powers of mind, the powers of spirit, the powers of the kingdom within.

THE SUFFICIENT INCENTIVE.

"I'm too late. He doesn't react to stimulants. Nothing can save him now."

David Marse heard Dr. John's sorrowful voice as if from a great distance. The words came faintly down along the spirals of a maelstrom of streaming lines of sparks in swimming darkness. Of course it was too late! It had been too late from the moment the teaspoonful of headache powders had passed his lips. Nothing could save—defeat—him, now!

"I called you as soon as I found him, John," he heard Sarah explain. I had no idea—He said he was going to take soda for his stomach. I called you right away."

"Yes, I know you did and I'm not blaming you. I probably couldn't have done a thing if I'd been here. Abominably careless of him to have the soda and the powders in the same kind of bottle on the same shelf—"

Careless, nothing! Careful! That had been the key to success. That had made it easy, logical, to get the wrong—right—bottle and yet make it appear an accident.

"But what can you expect of a man who doses himself?" he heard the doctor grumble.

"He didn't dose himself," Sarah protested. "You told him yourself to take soda for his stomach and you gave the powders for his head."

"Yes, but I didn't tell him to—"

David's attention wandered. They loved him, possibly as much as he loved them. It was hard to leave them after all. Sarah and the children! John and Mary and their brood! Good old John! If Sarah wouldn't take it so hard—

He was dying to pay the debts and to make life easier for Sarah! After everything was paid there would be a comfortable margin of cash and then a monthly income so long as she lived. To have him, always tired and worried, wasn't so good as to have peace and security. If she only wouldn't cry so hopelessly!

For a moment he thought of trying to go back—to live. But his pity for Sarah and the others and his longing to stay with them could not balance his longing for rest—he already felt relaxed—and his desire to end for them the misery their poverty had inflicted upon his loved ones.

"And for it to happen now," he heard her cry, "when he had at last got to the place where he could see the way out. He told me only this morning that Bonanza would soon put us out of debt and then we could have—"

"Yes! Yes!" Dr. John interrupted. "It does seem worse just now. They brought in a gusher this afternoon. David was a rich man—"

Bonanza good? Rich? Could pay the debts without the insurance? He had long ago lost faith in Bonanza and had pretended to believe in it only to avoid arousing suspicion of suicide, and it had made him rich! He was tempted to go back—But it was too easy to drift down into oblivion, safe from responsibilities and—weariness and—everything—

"Oh John," He heard Sarah wail, "can't something be done? Maybe—oxygen—Take our car—it's an awful old thing, but—"

David was suddenly aware of an acute, a growing discomfort. He was still drifting down the dizzy spirals, but the peace was gone.

At first he could not think what was wrong but with a shock he at last understood:

That Sandau Sedan Sarah wanted because it had a tricky radiator cap! She was certain to buy one without him to stop her. With sudden resolution he started back to life and authority—

"I'll be damned," he thought with unconscious aptness, "if I'll die to leave money for such a pile of junk."

SHADOWS

By ERNEST WELTMER

CHAPTER ONE

(Many years ago I outgrew my childhood religion and developed into thoroughgoing unbelief. Having outgrown my childish concepts of God I foolishly said in my heart, "Since there is no God like that, then there is no God." Eventually I passed through that stage and found at last a new definition of what I had always increasingly believed.

Rummaging through a bundle of papers yesterday, I found an allegory which I wrote during the period of transition of apparent unbelief into a new concept of God. I am printing this story just as I wrote it then, without trying to improve its style or thought, because I feel that it might help someone who is now at the stage of development I had reached at the time I wrote it. E. W.)

He shifted the heavy stick of drift-wood, to a more favorable position and strained at it with all his strength. But though the great muscles of his naked body swelled out as if they would burst through his bronzed skin, though his joints ached with the strain of his effort, the boulder which blocked his path stood unshaken. The way up the mountain to the dwelling place of his God remained closed. Moved by a frenzy of religious devotion to the God of the Mountain and by the anger he felt at having his will balked he tried again and again to move the great stone which closed the only crevice offering any hope of a way to reach the Mountain's heights.

As chief of his tribe and the strongest and wisest man in the plain, he was not used to having his wishes entirely disregarded by animate or inanimate things. As hereditary priests to the Tribal God, his naturally strong religious sense was developed to a remarkable degree. Since he had discovered the God of the Mountain his devotion to his Tribal God had all been given, doubled in intensity, to this new God, which appealed to every superstitious fibre of his savage soul and claimed every thought of his easily-won devotion. Always impatient of restraint, he could not bear to leave any obstacle in the way of his progress to the altar of this wonderful new God which had come to him in such a miraculous way.

Some two months before, there had been a night storm such as not even the oldest legends of the tribe remembered. On the day following, the young chieftan-priest was look-

ing up at the mountain, his breast stirred by the awe he always felt in that mighty presence, when suddenly he saw a gigantic figure emerge from the dark cleft in the face of the vertical rear wall of a deep valley high up the mountain side; he saw a figure come out of the blackness of the cleft, march slowly across the lighted face of the cliff and disappear into the heavy shadows which blotted out the eastern edge of the cliff's face. He watched this apparition with starting eyes. He had watched the Mountain all his life, yet he never before had seen anything like this. When the figure had finally disappeared into the shadows he stood stupefied waiting to see it come out again. It did not reappear however, so finally he gave up his watch and went back to his official duties.

On the next day he watched from early morning, finally seeing the same gigantic figure come out of the cleft on the western edge of the cliff, march across the face of the rock so slowly that its motion was imperceptible and disappear into the shadows of its eastern edge.

Each day thereafter he was at his post and as time went on he discovered that the figure appeared only on sunny days and then only at a certain time and that it always followed the same path at the same slow gait. The only difference was that sometimes it seemed to move its arms and head. Usually its arms were held up stiffly before its breast as if in benediction. As soon as the young priest determined the habits of the figure he confined

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his vigil to those hours when he knew that it would walk and was always at his post at the proper times.

Not many days had passed before he had become convinced that his awesome figure was a God who had come to live in the mountain. Furthermore, he soon discovered that this God resembled himself, hence, he reasoned, it must be his own special Deity. As a matter of fact the figure did not even look very much like a man, but to the young priest it was not only incontestably human in form but also specifically like himself in appearance. Of late it had seemed to him that the God of the Mountain often beckoned him to come up into his high lone altar and this the young zealot had at last set out to do. He had determined that he would force a way to reach the mountain valley where his God walked and that he would do it alone. It is at this task that we find him.

A close study of every possible avenue of approach to the mountain's heights had shown him that the tribal tradition that The Mountain could not be climbed was true unless perhaps a passage could be forced by way of a certain crevice in the otherwise solid wall which guarded the mountain's approaches. He had set himself to master this path and had won his way upward several yards when he was stopped by the boulder at which we found him straining. He had been trying for several days to win past this obstacle but apparently his efforts were doomed to failure. He could not go over, around, or under it and so far he had not been able to move it.

After his lever, a new invention for him, had failed, he was almost ready to go down to the valley and bring the strongest of his young men to help him, but even if he had not wished to force this path alone he could not have found room for more than one man to work at the stone at a time so there would be no advantage in bringing others when he, the strongest of them all, had failed.

As he worked at his task he found himself growing discouraged and strangely weak. He tried to put out the strength which never before had failed him only to feel that his efforts were weak and futile. Again and again he took up his lever and tried to call out his old-time strength to the task of moving the

boulder, but the more he tried the more certain he became that he was losing his strength. Presently, the cold sweat of fear was standing in great beads all over his body, he felt himself as weak as a child. In despair he dropped the lever and staggered down the path to the nook from which he always watched the passage of his God.

It lacked several hours of time for the appearance when he reached the vantage point and while waiting he lay there trembling in the grip of superstitious fear. He felt sure that some unknown devil stood guard over the path he had been trying to force and that this demon had marked him as a victim. Tortured by these fears he waited for the coming of his God, half fearful that it also might have suffered from the machinations of the evil demon.

At last the time came and there, prompt to the minute appeared first one hand, then the other, then the full figure of his God. The demon had no power against this great God!

In a transport of joy and relief the priest prostrated himself upon the ground and prayed to the great God of The Mountain that it would give him strength, that it would make him a God who could conquer the boulder in the cleft. As he prayed he felt new power flowing into his limbs. Soon he felt that he had power to overcome any obstacle. Hardly able to wait until his God had disappeared into the shadows in which it lived in the evening, and until he had performed the rites which he had invented for this occasion, the devotee hurried back to the boulder. His eyes flashed fire; his breath whistled through his expanded nostrils; his very step proclaimed him a conqueror, and every glance bade contemptuous defiance to the demon whom his God had defeated.

Bounding up the last steep slope of the path he picked up the lever, thrust it into place, and confidently placed his shoulder against it. Now he was no longer a weakling. He felt invincible power surge into his muscles when he heaved against the pole.

Slowly straightening under the long end of the lever he applied the last ounce of his strength to it. He felt no sense of strain now, only conquering power.

The tough pole bent, cracked and threatened to break but still it held and presently straightened out again as the boulder slowly gave way. With fierce joy the giant secured a new hold against the side of the boulder, braced his feet against the side of the cleft and heaved again. Again the pole cracked with the strain and again the boulder moved and when he drew out the lever to take a new hold, the great stone rolled out of its bed, leaving the way to the mountain free.

He stood for a moment regarding the stone and then turned his eyes to the way up the mountain. The path appeared to be free. He sprang forward confident that his difficulties were over and indeed he did find the cleft unobstructed for many yards, but presently he encountered other obstructions similar to the one he had just overcome. He attacked these one by one by one, confident in his new matchless strength and one by one the obstacles yielded to his onslaughts. Finally he reached the head of the cleft and found himself in the mouth of the valley in which his god lived.

He started out to find the God. But when he drew near to the deep shadows in which it lived, when he saw the silent and majestic solemnity of this mountain altar, he drew back awed and afraid. It is one thing to meet and conquer the familiar forms and forces of nature but quite another to brave the unknown powers of the supernatural. Deciding to wait for bright daylight, he soon turned about and made his way down to the valley again.

The chieftan-priest had been neglecting his tribe during the time of his devotion to his new God. More important still, he had been neglecting his duties to the Tribal God whose chief priest he was. This double neglect of his duties had led at first to dissatisfaction and then to definite plotting on the part of a rival family. These plots had come to a head on this day of his victory over the Mountain and when he returned in the evening it was to find in the place of the usual respectful and loyal welcome, a party of warriors waiting to make him prisoner.

Knowing his great strength, the usurper had provided a large party of the strongest young men that he could press into service and he felt that he would have no difficulty in disposing of his rival. But the chief as the con-

spirators knew him and the Master of the Mountain, High Priest of the Mountain's God were quite different men. The dozen men waiting to capture him might have been able to imprison the Tribal Chieftan, the priest of the tribal God, but they had neither strength nor cunning to cope with the powers of the Master of the Mountain, the Priest of the Mountain's God.

Altho taken by surprise, he met their attack with such a fury of invincible power that the battle was soon ended and he entered the village more than ever master of his people while those of his enemies still alive mourned their folly in misery.

This conflict more than ever convinced him that he had found a very powerful god and that it was moreover, his own special deity. He felt that through the Mountain's God he was himself almost a god. And his people witnessing his power and cowering before the flash of his eye were satisfied that he was a god in his own right and that they had been fools for listening to the counsels of his enemies. Whereupon, they completed the work of extinction of his enemies, which he had neglected to finish, and prostrated themselves before him for blessing.

The next day the priest reached the Mountain Valley early in the forenoon. He felt certain that now he would find the God of the Mountain and that a warm welcome would be waiting him. He did not know just what he expected to happen but naturally he felt sure that something good was in store for him for he had proofs already of the love of the God of the Mountain for its High Priest.

He searched the shadows of the deep cleft in the cliff face where the God lived in the morning, but, altho he explored every nook and cranny of the cleft he found nothing but shadows, nothing that even his superstitious imagination could conjure into the form of his God. He then turned to the investigation of the shadows on the eastern side of the cliff thinking that perhaps the god lived there in the morning as well as in the evening. There he found nothing but more shadows. Baffled and puzzled he continued his search until time for the appearance of the God. At last he

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stopped and was near the mouth of the mountain valley puzzling over the problem and searching the shadows with his eyes, hoping that he might discover some hiding place which he had missed in his closer search, when he suddenly noticed that a gigantic shadow stood on the face of the cliff. Hardly understanding what he saw he sat watching. After a time, he realized that it was slowly crossing the face of the cliff from west to east. At first he did not identify the shadow with the God of the Mountain, for, now that he was nearer, it did not have the human form. From where he sat it appeared as the shadow of a great tree on the southwestern rim of the little valley. The valley was littered with the fragments of the companions of this forest giant. It was the only one left of all those which had covered the valley's rim. The rest had been torn down by the great storm. Even this one had been stripped of all but two of its longer limbs the shadows of which had been the arms of his "God of the Mountain."

The priest did not at once come to a realization of these facts. He could not so easily give up a god which had done so much for him. Against the evidence of his senses and the verdict of his reason he had the memory of the powers which he had manifested in his conquest of the mountain and of his enemies. And what was probably more important to his dimly lighted savage mind, he had felt the spiritual comfort of reliance upon a power greater than any that he could express or even understand. For weeks he was torn between doubt and faith. He would look at the shadow from the foot of the mountain and see it a God. Then he would climb the path to the Mountain Valley and see that it was only a shadow. Seen from nearby it was a shadow, from far away it appeared a God.

Now this young devotee was only a savage whose reason rarely was called upon to deal with abstract questions, so it would not be expected that he could easily settle such a puzzling problem. In addition to his intellectual limitations he was by training and native taste devoted to the worship of the supernatural and the most powerful arguments that ever influenced him were supplied by his emotions. In this dilemma, when he had to

choose between the appearance of the shadow as seen from the foot of the Mountain and from the mouth of the Mountain Valley, he turned to his desires for the answer to his question and decided in favor of the Mountain God. During the time of doubt he suffered a waning of his strength but now that he had decided in favor of the God his strength returned in a measure even though it did not reach its former high level. In order to justify himself in this decision and quiet the objections which grew up in his mind from the appearance of the shadow at close range, he told himself that his god took on the form of a shadow when he came near because it was not proper that a man, even a favorite and only priest, should come too near to a god. This might also be a means of testing his faith in his God. Again, it might be that he was unable to see his God when he came near because of the machinations of the demon who had robbed him of his strength when he was trying to force a way up the mountain. By such sophistries as these he was able for a long time to quiet the objections which his reason raised. To guard against further doubts he rolled the big boulder back into the path and blocked the way up the mountain so that he could not go near the dwelling place of his god and so could not be led to doubt.

(To be Concluded.)

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ERNEST WELTMER

"Come up higher Friend,"—Luke 14-10.

By B. D. COOPER, To The Fort Worth Class.

When we've groped so long and weary,
In the valley of despair,
Hedged about by interdictions
Laden with a world of care;
We are prone to doubt a teacher,
Even treat him most unfair
If he asks our comprehension
Just to know that God is here.

And to bring us from this valley
Where we long have weary trod,
He must be imbued with power
True ambassador of God.
Such a teacher, then, can reach us,
Bring delusions to an end,
If we'll only hearken to him
When he says: "Come higher friend."

Ft. Worth friends, we have that teacher—
Ernest Weltmer is his name,
And we know the Master sent him
Not by chance it was he came.
So we now are going higher
He prepares us day by day;
Step by step, he leads us upward
Making very clear the way.

He has opened gates of gladness
Let God's love and sunshine in—

Which drives off clouds of delusion
So they won't come back again.
And he thrills your very being
When he says—"Come higher friend"
And you feel your great unfoldment
As he helps you to ascend.

When he goes from our fair city
He will take our love along,
And our prayers that God will bless him—
Keep him ever, safe and strong,
So that he can give the message
That will reach to all mankind,
Causing many weary pilgrims
To leave all their cares behind.

Leave their cares and go up higher,
And unfolding in God's plan,
Growing, giving, loving, living
Every moment of Life's span;
Being blessed with understanding
To endure unto the end,
Knowing God is ever with them
While their earthly way they wend.

So when Dr. Weltmer leaves us,
Let us know we can ascend,
Till we'll meet him in God's glory,
And will know him as our friend.

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Leave their cares and go up higher,
And unfolding in God's plan,
Growing, giving, loving, living
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Being blessed with understanding
To endure unto the end,
Knowing God is ever with them
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for 1931.

A monthly Magazine of practical psychology, healing, and prosperity which offers you a wealth of great teaching that can not be had elsewhere. EACH NUMBER CONTAINS:

(1). An original article by S. A. WELTMER, the Founder of the Weltmer School of Philosophy and Healing, the Weltmer Institute and the Weltmer Foundation, World Leader in Metaphysical Healing. No other publication carries S. A. Weltmer's articles regularly. To get these articles it is necessary to be a subscriber for Weltmer's Magazine.

(2). A transcript of a radio lecture given over WBAP, Ft. Worth and WOAI, San Antonio, on Child Psychology and its bearings upon the problems of later life, by ERNEST WELTMER, acting Head of the WELTMER INSTITUTE, Editor of Weltmer's Magazine, Dean of the Weltmer School, Poet, Teacher, and Author. Also selections of Dr. Weltmer's poetry, with short articles and editorials from his pen.

(3). An article on healing and how to be healed, by EMMA A. BARRON, Secretary of the Home Treatment Department, Member of the Staff of Weltmer School, Metaphysical Healer, and Teacher. These articles bring fresh thoughts and inspiration that cannot be found in the articles of any other writer.

(4). J. O. CRONE'S page each month brings a breezy, snappy article from this unique writer who draws upon over thirty years of experience on the Weltmer Staff for his material. Crone's articles have a punch that puts them over. They strike the bell for his readers. No other magazine can boast the publication of such articles as J. O. Crone's monthly contributions to Weltmer's Magazine.

(5). Articles of deep spiritual insight by EDWARD B. STONE, Secretary of the Weltmer Foundation, Director of the Correspondence Course Department, Bible student and Member of the Weltmer Staff, Lecturer and Teacher, bring fresh inspiration each month to the reader's of Weltmer's Magazine. These articles will be continued throughout the coming year.

(6). ARTICLES AND SHORT STORIES by other authors are presented in each issue. Reviews of the best and most pertinent articles and happenings are given each month.

(7). DR. B. W. OLSON will contribute frequent fine articles. An early number will contain a remarkable contribution entitled "Observations of Miracles of Healing." An eye-witness report of the work of a great evangelist healer, a close psychological study of his methods and results.

(8). CYRUS ERNST will contribute a series of striking serial stories. Some of those that will appear during 1931 are "My Mother's Son," "My Supervised Courtship," "The Mellowing of Mary."

(9). ROSE UMBREIT, Teacher, Short Story Writer and Poet, has promised the readers of Weltmer's Magazine a series of short stories and poems.

(10). ANNA C. PRUESSNER, thinker and author of Ft. Worth, Texas, contributes a thought-provoking article on "My Concept of God in Man."

(11). MRS. MAJOR F. SWEENEY, successful business woman and poet, contributes a series of poems of deep spiritual significance.

(12). DENISE WELTMER is working on a series of short stories for the children. Denise is the 12-year-old daughter of Ernest Weltmer, the editor. She writes with fresh enthusiasm and interest, such stories at the children will enjoy reading.

(13). PIERRE WELTMER, will supply cartoons for Weltmer's Magazine.

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| -to relax under all circumstances. | -to go to sleep. |
| -how to save your energy. | -to overcome unconscious fears. |
| -how to overcome fear. | -to understand dreams. |
| -how to overcome destructive emotions. | -how to relax through laughter. |
| -to have a good disposition. | -how to play. |
| -to overcome a feeling of guilt. | -how to let off tension. |
| -to overcome nervous irritation. | -how to trust. |
| -to overcome pain. | -to overcome self pity. |
| -to harness energy to purpose. | -affirmations of Mastery. |
| -to overcome worry. | -affirmations of Abundance. |
| -to relax by breathing. | -affirmations of Courage. |
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CRAVINGS

BY PROF. J. O. CRONE

There are two kinds of craving, normal and abnormal. One helps and the other injures.

I once read about a physician who had a patient who had a mass in his stomach. This patient kept on asking for onions. The doctor kept telling him he must not eat onions, that if he did eat onions it would kill him. So the physician kept on doctoring this man, the man kept on craving onions; one day he died.

After his death the doctor performed an autopsy on the man's stomach and found a crystalized mass about the size of an egg. The doctor put it on his walking cane for a handle.

One day in the fall of the year this doctor went out into his garden to pull weeds. He also pulled up quite a few of his fall onions. He happened to lay his cane down on a pile of onions and when he went into the house he left it there. The next morning he remembered leaving his cane in the garden, went out to get it and found that the knob on the cane had been dissolved by something in the onions. He saw that if he had let his patient eat onions the onions would have dissolved that mass in his stomach and he would have got well. This doctor said, "From now on,

any of my patients who craves anything to eat, no matter what the trouble, is going to get it.

One of my patients told me one day about a neighbor who lived on a farm adjoining his farm in Kansas. He said his neighbor went violently insane one day. He was a man who had no known bad habits. They took him to the asylum and put him in a padded cell. The man tore off his clothes, threw them out through the bars and would wear nothing that they gave him. When a guard was passing by his cell this man was looking through the bars. He said to the guard "Give me a chew

of tobacco."

The guard refused. Every time a guard came around the man begged for tobacco. Finally the guard cut off a chunk and handed it to the man. He grabbed it, put it in his mouth and swallowed it. Of course the guard felt uneasy, didn't know what to think of it. He came that way again in an hour. The man was lying in a corner apparently dead. The guard went into the cell to examine him and found that he was breathing freely and easily, sound asleep, the first he had slept for a week. In the morning he waked up, looked all around, looked at himself surprised.

He saw the guard and said "Come here! What is the matter with me? What am I doing in here. Get me some clothes."

When the guard told him what had happened, he said "Don't let me out of here until you are sure I am all right."

He stayed one month longer and was released a perfectly well man. Give a man what he craves.

Now I don't know how true these stories are but they are good stories anyway, aren't they?

J. O. Crone

I had a patient here one time who had a chronic stomach trouble. He had never used any stimulant or tobacco at any time in his life. One day he said to me, "I feel like if I had a little tobacco it would help me."

I told him to go and get a dimes worth and try it but not to hold it in his mouth long at a time until he became used to it. The man stayed here one month and went home with a cured stomach. It seemed to me the tobacco helped to bring about his cure.

When I was 12 years old living on our old home farm, my father took typhoid fever. He kept getting worse from day to day. For a month the doctor would come out from the



town each day, prescribe for him, and mother would follow his instructions. Another month went by and father was so weak he couldn't raise his face or his hands. One Sunday I will never forget. The neighbors came in to see him for the last time. One of the neighbors told mother to send me after another doctor, Dr. Brent. Mother put me on one of our horses and I rode to town and brought Dr. Brent out. The first thing he said when he came to the house was, "Mrs. Crone, open the window. Open that door there. The other window.

My father could barely whisper "Water, water."

Dr. Brent asked mother "When did Mr. Crone have a drink last?"

She said, "Ten days ago."

"Go out to the cistern and get a bucket of water," he ordered. When mother brought that water and put it down with one of those old-fashioned dippers my father reached out with abnormal strength to try to take hold of the dipper, but Dr. Brent would not let him do that. He had mother to get a tablespoon and

gave father a little at a time until he finally went to sleep.

He had been craving water all along and the other doctor refused to give it to him. Dr. Brent saved his life by giving him fresh air and plenty of water to drink. It wasn't long until my father was well.

There are abnormal cravings for morphine, whiskey, and such things. We have had lots of patients come here who have given us quite a task relieving them of habits that were killing them. Many people come here with habits they want to quit and it is up to us to know just what kinds of suggestions to give them so that they are able to get hold of themselves. Some we can talk into it but with others we have to use other means, find something we can give them. We have to use many schemes to get hold of them. It is no play. It takes deep thinking to make a success of Magnetic Healing. It is an interesting study, interesting work and it makes my heart glad when a patient will do his part and listen and believe what we tell him. When we can get one to do that we have a patient who is going to get well.

Thanksgiving Thoughts

Both rivers and blessings follow the courses they have been following.

Thanksgiving recognizes, with the power of realization, that blessings are flowing to us. Such thoughts are powerfully creative.

"We give thanks" means "We have received joyously."

To be given a blessing is to have been found worthy of blessing: to be worthy is to continue to be worthy until we change.

To give thanks to God is to recognize God as the source of gifts and to feel that God has found us worthy to receive gifts.

Thanksgiving is the truest prayer—to give thanks to God is to pray believing that we have received.

Prayer which supplicated, begs, and whines, expresses realization of lack of that for which we pray. Realization of lack hinders the reception of abundance.

We are thankful for what we have received, whether it be the thing, the desire for it, the hope of getting it, faith that we will get it, assurance or promise that we will get it. To receive in thankfulness what comes to us in relation to the thing we seek is to clear the way to receive more. To continue to receive thankfully is to make certain that at last we will receive the thing itself.

We can always find something for which to give thanks, something spiritual, mental, or physical. Seek first the spiritual gifts, give thanks for them, and other lesser gifts will follow by their creative expression.

How Children React To Words

The Fourth of a Series of Talks on Child Problems, Broadcasted from WBAP—
Fort Worth, Texas, April 11, 1930, by Ernest Weltmer.

How very important are the words we speak. Here we are this morning, separated by various distances of a few blocks to many hundreds of miles, but the miles do not really separate us if we can bridge that distance with words. We are nearer together through the words we are exchanging, no matter how far away you are—or I am—than we would be if we were in the same room and could not speak to one another.

My words bring something of me to you. They carry my thoughts to you, even my presence. I am where my words are, in a very real sense.

We are shut away from each other by our bodies and their limitations. I am shut up in my fleshly house and you in yours and it does not make much difference how close we may be to one another, we are still shut away from one another. I call to you across the miles, or the years, or the interests, or the attitudes, or the moods, that separate us. You listen at one of your windows and you hear me, sometimes you look out through another and see me, and if I have reached you across the gulf you may gain some knowledge of me through some of the other windows of sensation through which you can reach out to the world; but always we are separated except as our words or other expressions can take some part of us to each other.

Through the thoughts which love sends out to you through spoken and unspoken words, I may give you some-

thing of my mind and something of my heart, even, I believe, something of my very self. Let me read my poem **LOVE SINGS**.



Ernest Weltmer

My thoughts fly straight to
you,
Love gives them wings:
They bring to you the songs
of hope
My spirit sings.

Fear not the ugly thoughts
That hate may fling:
A hater's thoughts can never
fly,
To him they cling.

A hater's thoughts are creep-
ing grubs,
Love's thoughts have
wings;
Hate creeps in gloom and
growls in dens
Love flies and sings.

Then we find out the
true value of words; then
we feel the power they
have always exerted upon our lives, the
influences they have had upon our less
vivid experiences.

The child, cast out of the Garden of Eden, where without wants or responsibilities it lived in a state of blissful unity with the mother, feels very much alone. It constantly seeks to return to that consciousness of union with those it loves and depends upon. Frustrated in other directions throughout childhood and adolescence, it dreams of unity with its mate and when heaven smiles it may even find that goal. However, throughout childhood it is seeking to recover its close contact with the mother and then the father. When it begins to understand words these become the chief means for effecting the

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union of soul with soul which it desires. Words come to mean so much to it that even the careless words which the parents do not mean at all have power to change its whole life.

A child is far more serious than an adult usually is. Life is a serious business with a child. It does not begin to joke until near the end of childhood. In fact, a joke cannot really be a joke to a child until after some of its repressions begin to break the guards set upon them. Honest, straightforward, frank, clean-minded childhood can't joke in the truest sense. Its laughter is more of an expression of joy of life than of amusement. The child does not know that we do not mean all the words we say even though it may have learned that we will not always carry out our threats or promises.

We must be very careful of the words we speak to and about children. We must express only the thoughts we wish to see brought into expression in their lives. We must remember that the words we speak to children are seeds which we are planting in fertile ground and that the harvest will be according to the seeds, not according to the intentions with which we plant them. While we may condemn actions we must not condemn children; we must express love, hope, faith, such thoughts and attitudes toward the children as we should express toward that which we have accepted as made in the image and likeness of God.

We share our lives with our children in our words, let us share with them only the best, the heart, the soul, nothing that may not go by the name of love.

HALLOWE'EN FESTIVITIES

The patients and guests of the Weltmer Institute gathered on Hallowe'en in the south parlor, which was beautifully decorated with black cats, bats, owls, witches, moons, pumpkins, and branches of lovely autumn-tinted oak and sumac leaves and ears of golden corn, partly husked.

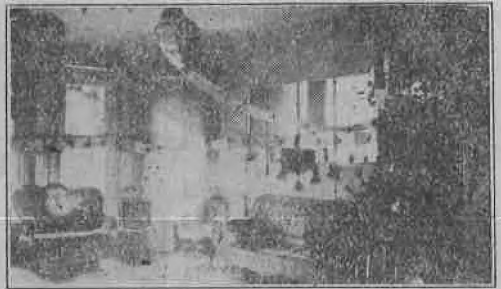


Photo by Mabel Lanning

The South Parlor.

In the dim light a grotesque old witch appeared with a cauldron and a long-handled spoon. She concocted a fortune for each. As she vanished the room became as black as midnight and in the dark a voice told a ghost story to a shivering audience.

The rest of the evening was given over to the playing of games doing stunts, telling funny stories, giving dramatic readings which were not too serious, singing, and through all the other performances, happy laughter.

Refreshments of sweet cider, red and yellow apples, and ginger snaps were served. Each one did his or her best to make the occasion successful and so we all have happy memories of 1930 Hallowe'en at the Weltmer Institute.

Mabel Boyd, House Nurse.

THE SILENCE

By DR. R. K. NICHOLSON

My Friends. In the person of Jesus there were represented two distinct regions or realms. One was the fleshly, mortal part, which was Jesus, the son of man; then there was the inner, real, living part, which was Spirit, the Son of God—that was the Christ. And as Jesus had, so each of us has also two regions of being—one, the fleshly, mortal part, which claims to know much but in reality knows little inasmuch as it almost constantly takes a negative stand and expresses weakness, illness and adversity; and the inner or real part of us, which can and does conquer all adversity and negation in our lives. It is the inherent or inborn part of us; it is the Christ, the Son of God, in us.

In studying the life and works of Jesus we cannot help but note how, throughout all His teachings, He constantly tried to show His listeners just how He was related to Divine Mind, and explain to them that they, too, were related to this same Mind in exactly the same way and manner. Over and over again He tried to make them see and realize that God lived within them; that their bodies were "temples of the living God." Not one time did He ever

claim to be able to do anything as of Himself, but he always explained, "I am in the Father, and the Father in me. I speak not of myself, but the Father in me, He doeth the works." Of course such philosophy was not easily understood by the people of Jesus' time, and it is often just as difficult for us of today to conceive it to be true.

During His public ministry Jesus spent hours of every day alone with God. When He withdrew from the people and went into the mountain, He did so for the purpose of being alone with His God—that He might commune with the Father. At such times, more than

perhaps any other, He silenced His conscious or mortal mind, shutting out all earthly or material thoughts, and allowing the free flow of Divine Mind to give Him strength and wisdom and power in overcoming all fleshly desires, so that He might constantly give recognition to only Truth. These times were Silence periods for Jesus; periods of Spiritual Unfoldment and Revealment.

We have gathered this morning as friends together for our period of Silence and communion with Omnipresent Spirit—our God, Good. At this time we desire to still our conscious minds and to meditate upon the nearness of that Power surrounding and enfolding us; never being apart from us—our God, Divine Mind. In so doing we hold ourselves receptive to the inflowing of this Omnipotence—this Power by and thru which we were created and by which we are sustained day by day and minute by minute. So now I ask that each of you assume an easy attitude, mentally and physically; do not allow your legs or feet to be crossed; let your arms and hands rest in your laps; see that your fingers and your teeth are not clenched. Just close your eyes and take a deep



R. K. Nicholson

breath—deep down into your abdomen—then RELAX! LET GO! RELAX! And now if you will kindly follow my words, using them as your own, you will soon realize your body and mind to be completely relaxed and peaceful.

"I will now enter the Silence. I will relax thoroughly in mind and body. I will put out of mind all thoughts of past or present that are adverse nature in any way, and I will be still." Relax—Relax!

"Every cell of my brain is now absolutely calm and I am quiet and peaceful. Be still and know that I am God." Relax—Relax!

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"The muscles and nerves of my eyes are now relaxed and my vision is quickened; my hearing is normal and soon I shall hear the Voice of God within me; every nerve of my face, my teeth, my tongue, is letting go—letting go." Relax—Relax!

"From my throat down into my lungs every fibre, every gland and every passage is now fully opened and God's pure Love is breathed in and purifies my body temple, which is God's temple." Relax—Relax!

"I can feel the relaxation of nerves and muscles of my arms and down to my finger tips, then back and across my shoulders and my chest, down into my stomach; my solar plexus is calm and quiet with this new life and peace." Relax—Relax!

"Following all the nerve trunks as they emit from my spine, I speak the word and they obey me and let go." Relax—Relax!

"Through my internal organs, the heart, liver, spleen, pancreas, kidneys, intestines, and generative centers, there comes now that stillness and quiet by which they receive new life and energy thru Spirit." Relax—Relax!

"Through my hips, down my legs, knees, calves, ankles, and into my feet and toes flows warm, fresh blood of life—God's Life—which causes nerves and muscles to release all tension and to become passive." Relax—Relax!

"Now every organ and part of my body is in a perfect relaxed state, as is also my mind. I hold no grudge, revenge, hatred, jealous or irritating thought toward any person or any condition. I am thankful that things are just as they are for I know that God's will is now being done. I am relaxed, quiet and peaceful. I am in tune with Infinite Mind. I am at-one with the Father NOW. I do know and realize that I live, move and have my being in my own Inner Power—my God—which is Life, Truth, Love, Health, Power, Peace, Success, Happiness, Prosperity, all of which makes my Heaven on earth NOW. I now visualize the greatest desire of my heart by holding the perfect mental image of just what I want most. I know I shall have it for I do believe and have faith that it will manifest for me thru the Love of the Father. For such manifestation I now say, I thank Thee,

Father, that it is now done for me. I am happy to glorify and praise God that He now quickens my wisdom, enhances my understanding, and stimulates my spiritual and physical strength and power. The healing love of the Christ now fills my being, and I am made every whit whole, with Health, Success, Prosperity and Happiness. All this I say in the name and character of Jesus, the Christ. Amen."

And now, while we are fully relaxed, and the Love of Divine Mind is flowing freely into our beings, let us affirm the following Truth: "DIVINE ORDER IS NOW RESTORED IN ME, AND EXPRESSED IN MY BODY AND LIFE AS HEALTH AND HARMONY." When you make this statement you are declaring a powerful Truth before your own God. You should recognize it as a great Truth, and believe it sincerely in your hearts. Now let us affirm it three times together, audibly.—And now, in the silence, let us each meditate upon the truth of that affirmation a few minutes.

When we declare such a Truth as that, believing what we have declared to be the Truth, we are giving full recognition to Divine Power, and our desire for Health and Harmony becomes a reality in our body and affairs. By using such an affirmation over and over, many times each day, it becomes engraved upon our minds so that it does become an absolute Truth to us; it takes our minds away from all illness, pain and discord, and we find happiness, peace and joy.

In declaring any Truth, however, we should always remember that all affairs of life—of each individual, and of the universe—are governed by Divine Law—a law not formulated by man. Divine Law is the one Law in which justice is always executed in exactness. If we experience what we commonly term "good fortune," financially or otherwise, and we fail to return some of that fortune to God, the Source, to be used to further His plan of life; if we fail to show a willingness to serve our fellowmen, who are children of the same God, through the use of our worldly wealth; if we show a tendency to hoard worldly goods, to be selfish in so doing; then we are not living

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in accord with Divine Law—we are “having other gods before us,” and we will bring to pass adverse conditions for ourselves for our not having given recognition to this Law of justice. Giving to God and to our fellowman does not refer merely to money or goods, but it also includes LOVE and consideration for God and mankind. When we give, with a glad heart, not expecting recompense for such giving, then “it shall be given unto us, good measure, pressed down, and running over.” This is the Law. A charitable heart is always full of God’s love.

Through religious teachings of the past most people have got the idea that God is a big man, a physical giant, living somewhere out in the sky in a place called heaven. Yet, you never saw a picture of God! If God were a man, then how could He be omnipresent (always present, everywhere)? How much more mental satisfaction we get when we think of God as “that something” which sustains us every day, keeps our hearts beating, mends our broken bones, converts the raw food we eat into living flesh etc. Call it God, Lord, Jehovah, Allah, Father, or whatever term you may choose, it is still one and the same. It is Mind, Spirit, Life, Power, Truth, Life, Health, Happiness, Principle, Intelligence. All of these constitute what we commonly refer to as God. Personally, I prefer to refer to it as Universal Mind, or Divine Mind, for that takes away any inference of sex or gender; it does away with the idea of a corporeal god and allows us to think of God as Spirit, Mind, Omnipresence, Omnipotence.

Divine Mind is in each of us and awaits our calling upon it through our giving recognition to it. Through it we are healed, we are prospered, we meet success, we are made happy. In short, through it we enter the Kingdom of Heaven on earth—NOW!

If I were to advise any of you as to the method by which you may actually come into the realization of the Omnipresence and Omnipotence of Divine Mind; the way by which God will surely reveal himself to you, in such a manner that you will know for a surety it is your own God speaking to and through you;

the way to real happiness; then I would say to you: “Set aside a certain period of time each day and at that exact hour go alone into some room, sit or lie down, relax your mind and body fully, then silently meditate upon this Divine Presence and Power. The first few times you practice the Silence you may be somewhat disappointed in not actually feeling this wonderful Presence as you had hoped to feel it. But remember it is through our constant and earnest effort that we attain the greatest degree of peace and happiness and success. I know of no better method or manner of true prayer than the daily practice of the Silence. So keep up the practice each day; be patient and hopeful and faithful; and one day, at just the opportune time, your God will be revealed to you unmistakably and your happiness will be supreme.”

The happiest moments of my life have been enjoyed during my Silence periods, which I practice daily without fail. And I never close my Silence without thanking the Father.

Now let us again audibly use our affirmation, this time in the interest and behalf of others: “DIVINE ORDER IS NOW RESTORED IN YOU, AND EXPRESSED IN YOUR BODY AND LIFE AS HEALTH AND HARMONY.” Let us silently meditate a few moments on that powerful Truth, for others.

“And now, kind Father, to Thee we give the honor, and the glory, and the praise, with thankful hearts, forever. Amen.”

Editor's Note: Dr. R. K. Nicholson, of St. Joseph, Mo., has been a practitioner of Chiropractic and Suggestive Therapeutics for several years, he being a graduate of the National College of Chiropractic, Chicago, Ill., and the Weltmer Institute of Suggestive Therapeutics, Nevada, Mo. While on his vacation trip in September, Dr. Nicholson stopped off at the Weltmer Institute to visit with his many friends here, and to take in some of the inspiring lectures that were being given daily. Each morning at nine o'clock we hold a thirty-minute period of Spiritual Unfoldment, or the Silence Period, which is always attended by patients, students and friends. Dr. Nicholson kindly consented to conduct the Silence on the morning of September 30th, and we are glad to share with you that beautiful lesson.

THAT IDEAL

By E. A. BARRON.

As mothers gather their broods about them and talk to them in their language, so does the soul of man speak to all the world through all his actions, according to the knowledge he has. It makes no difference how the world may read him, still he speaks. Most especially is this true when man begins to become conscious of his immortality and feels that he has a message to give to the world. He can not escape it because he lives it. And the language he speaks is the language of life.

How important then that man realize his relationship to the Father. As a child of the Kingdom he possesses all.

"The greatest thing you will ever know in life is life. For incomprehensible ages life has existed on this earth, overcoming disease and death and rising in greater power and beauty with every generation. Your conscious thought of life measures the power with which you can voluntarily express it. To realize that you are an expression of divine purpose, plan and power makes you able to master every difficulty, every abnormality, every lack. We are realizing for you that you are a child of God and that you manifest perfectly God's purpose and plan for you."

To the man who knows this, peace comes, leaving his heart and mind active to plan and put into execution the plans that will make his dreams come true. And according to the placing of his values do his dreams direct his labors and make fruitful his path in life. To the man to whom full realiza-



Mrs. Emma A. Barron

tion has not yet come it may seem many times he has failed, but hope, faith, and the will to go on keeps him struggling forward.

"There is available to you all of the power your consciousness can enable you to use. If you think of yourself as able barely to get along and stay alive you will live only a small proportion of the life power that is yours by divine inheritance. If you realize that you can live the full abundant life, then you can live by that measure. Learn to think of your-

self as a child of God, inheriting abundant energy and vitality and the right to all the good things of life. We are thinking for you that the limitless power of the Father is manifested in you in strength and health and abundant life.

To the man who knows humanity and in whose heart the flower of compassion blooms and in whose mind a plan of life forms for the upbuilding of mankind there is no better field for the expression of his energies than that of Suggestotherapy. Here he may speak from the public platform as a lecturer, from the schoolroom as a teacher, in the sanitarium as a healer and to the degree that he knows himself he may do his work in any line of life he chooses to follow.

If man can realize that the Kingdom of God is within him he can become master of his life and the conditions of his environment, as pictured in the following paragraph, which we wrote to one of our Home Treatment patients.

(Concluded on page 32.)

THE CHAMPIONS

The world will soon be full of champions, champion boozers, checker players, domino experts chess loafers, billiard shooters, bowlers, automobile drivers and writers, walkers, bicyclists, Marathon dancers, egg swallows, coffee drinkers, rocking chairs shirks, tree sitters, and on and on through all of the useless activities of mankind.

To what an end has come the creative impulse that brought man up from the worms to the very throne of God, that conquered the savage world of beasts and jungle, conquered even the savage in himself, conquered everything except the childish perversions that make him act like an idiot in order to prove superiority over other men.

If one is unfortunate in his brain development and bodily inheritance and he is unable to develop a brain with which to think logically and a body with which to react efficiently we sympathize and excuse him. When a child over whom its parents have no restraint or whose parents are not responsible then the child, puts himself up in a tree in the hope of publicity, and as an excuse to loaf for a time, we smile but we are not particularly surprised for after all it is only a child. However, when apparently grown men and women who should have something in life worth doing and who should have some concept of the dignity of life and some occupation that could make life worth while for itself, find it impossible to get a thrill out of any action in which there is no contest, where they have to play for money to enjoy a game of cards, have to be richer than somebody else to feel rich, weigh more than somebody else to feel big, when grown up human beings find it necessary to excell others in all they do we find it hard to excuse them or to treat their pretensions with any thing but amusement and contempt. When we find grandmothers climbing up in trees and trying to outsit the world, when we find women dancing until they drop dead, when we find grown men drinking enormous amounts of coffee, swallowing eggs by the dozens, then words fail us. We can only wonder how God can be patient with human-kind so long.

This whole travesty of human aspirations is but the preversion of the desire to live into the desire to excell. We still say "lo here, lo there." We have not yet learned to accept or even to accept the teaching of the Kingdom of God within us.

* * * *

Dr. Smith told me yesterday about hearing Governor Bob Taylor of Tenn., who was one of our clients and who lectured here a number of years ago, tell a story about a plantation slave called "Old Rastus" who used to pray the same prayer every night so loudly that he disturbed the whole plantation. The young master decided to put an end to Rastus' loud praying. One night he waited outside the old man's door and when Rastus came to the place where he said "Oh Lawd come down from heaven and take poor old Rastus home," he rapped heavily on Rastus' door.

After a moment's breathless silence Rastus called "Who Dah?"

"It's the Good Lord come to take poor old Rastus home," the young master said.

After another silence while Rastus rolled under the bed, the young master heard him call out with shaking voice:

"I'se sorry, Lawd, but Rastus aint heah."

* * * *

Why is it so hard to find familiar things interesting? Brothers always wonder how their chums can find their sisters attractive and interesting. Husbands sometimes have that thought about their wives, I have been told. The home town seems dull and prosaic. Many a man goes to a duller town to find something interesting. I walked around The Square the other day on business and while I walked I tried to see what I could find in Nevada that would be of interest to the readers of Weltmer's Magazine. I know visitors to the Weltmer Institute always find ours a very interesting town but I must confess I was not able to discover any very interesting things in my trip around The Square.

* * * *

Our Court House is just the same old Court House all the time. It is made of native stone that will last forever and the tile roof is al-

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most as indestructible. To the dwellers of Nevada the clock in the tower is the most interesting thing because we are all time slaves. However, even the clock is most interesting when it gets sleeted over or something else stops it or throws it out of time.

* * * *

The Court House lawn is not very large, yet a whole block is given to the Court House, its lawn, and the surrounding street. The result is that the street is very wide between the Court House lawn and side walks around The Square. There is room for the parking of vehicles against the Court House fence and then a wide space for the passing of cars, another line of vehicles in the middle of the street and another wide roadway and finally a third line of vehicles parked against the curb. On most any afternoon, but more especially on Saturday afternoons, The Square will be almost solidly filled with automobiles. Looking among these automobiles I saw a number having tags from distant states that caught my interest immediately. Where I could not be interested in Missouri tags I found myself quite spontaneously interested in California, Florida, Canada and other cars from distant places.

* * * *

Sometimes it is hard to remain entirely natural and agreeable toward all methods of treatment for we read so many letters in which we find such statements as this "If you can help me please say so for we owe the Hospital \$300 and \$500 doctor bill with no results. I am so discouraged I do not know which way to turn." In this same case she says "I had three doctors and they all say different things. I have not been able to do my housework for two years.

* * * *

"I changed doctors in June 1928. He put me on water and orange diet. I was so ill at the end of the week that he called another doctor and I was taken to the Hospital for an appendix operation but I was too ill to operate on. I was then seven weeks so nervous that he would not allow me company. Then I took shots of iron for about two years to be built up for the operation."

The story goes on through the removal of

teeth, the changing of diagnosis for many more weeks of hospital attention.

Of course the woman was very sick but what of the pretensions of the treatment methods that would allow her to become so ill when this method was used from the beginning of the case. One sometimes suspects that nature has far more to do with the cure of some cases than the treatment method.

Of course the folk who write to us are the ones that have failed to get results from other methods of treatment but there are a very great many of these and when we read from time to time that they have spent all their money and gone heavily into debt to pay for treatments that promised good results without getting any benefit whatever it is hard for us to keep from feeling sometimes that there must be something wrong with the methods that produce such fruits.

At any rate it makes us inclined to become irritable when practitioners of these methods accuse us of being mercenary, when they do not give us worse names. We have taken many of these folks who have exhausted every resource and have come to the end of their credit and we have put them back on their feet, restored them to health and to their normal earning power. To have done this with people who had come to such desperate straits as the larger proportion of our patients have come is an achievement that properly we can be proud of. I hope the time will come when the Weltmer method will be the first resort rather than the last resort for those who can be relieved by our treatment and they will be saved the unnecessary expenses, the pain, the waiting, and the disappointment that come from other methods of treatment first.

WISE MEN SAY:

That the longer you live, if you live right, the less you will think of yourself.

That following the line of least resistance is what makes rivers and men crooked.

That if you and your job are not friends, part company.

That determination reduces hard work to nothing, procrastination makes hard work out of nothing.

B. M.

The Reality of The Occult

"Time" under date of August 18, 1930, gives an account of an interesting happening in a German Court at Leitmeritz the week before Mr. Herman Scheinschneider or Erik Hanussen, as he prefers to be called, was brought into court by some 34 clients who were dissatisfied with the results of his clairvoyant readings.

Mr. H. S. receives \$12 for a consultation and claims to be able to solve 80% of the problems brought him. It is very interesting to observe that Albert Einstein the great mathematician, was one of his clients and was profoundly impressed with his abilities.

When H. S. was brought into court the judge put his abilities to the test. The following is a quotation from "Time."

"Scheinschneider was sent from the courtroom while an attendant hid a pin under a chair. When he returned, Scheinschneider found the pin. Then the prosecuting attorney gave the accused a fragment of a letter. Scheinschneider gave a thorough-going character analysis of the writer. Then another lawyer told him the date and place of an occurrence. Scheinschneider told what had happened. Then he was given a watch. Scheinschneider identified its owner.

"Astonished at the outcome of his game, the judge ruled: 'The accused is acquitted. The court may not judge in a sphere where science remains undecided.—No one has a right to complain if, going to a clairvoyant, he does not learn the truth, even as no one ought to find fault if he does not draw the winning number in a lottery.'

Man's ability to believe or disbelieve what he wishes is most limitless in scope. The performances of a few individuals of every age have proved to those who are willing to accept proof, that man can see beyond the range of his eyes, hear beyond the reach of his ears, exercise apparently sensory powers of observation without the use of the organs of sense. However, the average thing-minded man of every age has always believed that such things are impossible because they are not the common experiences of man and because they themselves do not regularly observe them.

There is even reason to believe that this

clairvoyant power is possessed by lower animals sometimes in greater degree than by even the most gifted of men. To the metaphysically minded it appears evident that clairvoyant powers of observation preceded, must have preceded objective or organized powers of observation. In other words, we see with the eyes because we can see without them. We hear with the ears because we can hear without them. And so on through the whole scale of sensory powers which are concerned with the objective environment.

We have a great way of taking for granted that we understand things that are merely familiar. We presume that we understand how we see merely because most people see and because we observe that closing the eyes, injury to them, or to withhold light from them will prevent seeing.

Light, lighted objects, eyes, optic nerves, and brain, all together do not explain seeing. They as little explain seeing as the presence of pigmented spots on the side of paramecium explains the sensitiveness of that animal to light.

We accumulate great masses of facts. We describe organs, we collect data as to conditions and phenomena and then because we find that we can classify and arrange our data in logical order we imagine we have explained something. We have explained the relationship between the definite creatures and phenomena we deal with, but we have not explained the fundamental facts themselves. We have not told how they become facts. I do not at this moment know of one single fact that I would consider explained. Science has certainly not explained anything in the sense of really having accounted for it. Through science we have merely found the relationships that exist between things and phenomena but we have found none of the ultimate "whys" if indeed any of the ultimate "whats" and we are still guessing at the ultimate "hows."

One of the greatest intellectual assets a man may have is open-mindedness. Closed-mindedness is always just that whether it is scientific, philosophical, metaphysical, religious, or superstitious. True education would result in open-mindedness. That statistical ac-

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cumulation of facts which ordinarily passes for education because it enables the student to pass examinations and win degrees, often results in a closed-mindedness more obstinate, more dwarfing, more deadening than even that of superstition and ignorance. We should not be surprised to find a man of Einstein's scientific intellectual achievements consulting a clairvoyant, whether for experiment or for guidance, but we are surprised, for the average man who pretends to scientific education has closed his mind against anything that does not come in one of his standard books or periodicals. When we find Einstein, Lodge, Crooks, and other men of scientific mind open-mindedly interested in metapsychical phenomena we feel hopeful for the future of education. The time may come when even our school masters will recognize the fact that not all of truth has been recorded in their text-books and that there might be some other sources of truth than their laboratories. We even dare to hope that the time may come when our schools may teach men how to think, how to study, how to investigate, how to use their minds.

All students of practical therapeutics have observed phenomena of healing that could not be explained by any physical or other known objective cause. It is not necessary to tell them that there is a realm of cause that lies beyond the physical and even beyond the mental. Mind, which ordinarily deals with the body and its relations to the external environment, and to some degree with these relations and their principles, may also enter other realms, the realms that we call occult, because hidden and unknown. These occult realms are just as real as the most objective realms of life. They are probably less understood and more misunderstood but that has nothing to do with their reality.

I am not even certain that they are less understood for most of the ideas we have about our objective world are false, most of what we know about the outside world is not true.

I have never seen a great healer who had not developed some degree of metapsychical power. Frequently they did not realize that they had done so but they always had done so.

Such development is usually accompanied by some form of clairvoyance, but in all cases there is evident a development or capacity for tapping and bringing into use the metapsychical powers that reach out toward the realm of the Divine.

Life is an embodiment and expression of creativeness. Creation is in the abstract and its direct product is a dynamic potential which embodies itself in increasingly complex forms. Man, becoming conscious of the metapsychical is beginning to make voluntary use of this creative power.

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The Reality of The Occult

"Time" under date of August 18, 1930, gives an account of an interesting happening in a German Court at Leitmeritz the week before Mr. Herman Scheinschneider or Erik Hanussen, as he prefers to be called, was brought into court by some 34 clients who were dissatisfied with the results of his clairvoyant readings.

Mr. H. S. receives \$12 for a consultation and claims to be able to solve 80% of the problems brought him. It is very interesting to observe that Albert Einstein the great mathematician, was one of his clients and was profoundly impressed with his abilities.

When H. S. was brought into court the judge put his abilities to the test. The following is a quotation from "Time."

"Scheinschneider was sent from the courtroom while an attendant hid a pin under a chair. When he returned, Scheinschneider found the pin. Then the prosecuting attorney gave the accused a fragment of a letter. Scheinschneider gave a thorough-going character analysis of the writer. Then another lawyer told him the date and place of an occurrence. Scheinschneider told what had happened. Then he was given a watch. Scheinschneider identified its owner.

"Astonished at the outcome of his game, the judge ruled: 'The accused is acquitted. The court may not judge in a sphere where science remains undecided.—No one has a right to complain if, going to a clairvoyant, he does not learn the truth, even as no one ought to find fault if he does not draw the winning number in a lottery.'

Man's ability to believe or disbelieve what he wishes is most limitless in scope. The performances of a few individuals of every age have proved to those who are willing to accept proof, that man can see beyond the range of his eyes, hear beyond the reach of his ears, exercise apparently sensory powers of observation without the use of the organs of sense. However, the average thing-minded man of every age has always believed that such things are impossible because they are not the common experiences of man and because they themselves do not regularly observe them.

There is even reason to believe that this

clairvoyant power is possessed by lower animals sometimes in greater degree than by even the most gifted of men. To the metaphysically minded it appears evident that clairvoyant powers of observation preceded, must have preceded objective or organized powers of observation. In other words, we see with the eyes because we can see without them. We hear with the ears because we can hear without them. And so on through the whole scale of sensory powers which are concerned with the objective environment.

We have a great way of taking for granted that we understand things that are merely familiar. We presume that we understand how we see merely because most people see and because we observe that closing the eyes, injury to them, or to withhold light from them will prevent seeing.

Light, lighted objects, eyes, optic nerves, and brain, all together do not explain seeing. They as little explain seeing as the presence of pigmented spots on the side of paramecium explains the sensitiveness of that animal to light.

We accumulate great masses of facts. We describe organs, we collect data as to conditions and phenomena and then because we find that we can classify and arrange our data in logical order we imagine we have explained something. We have explained the relationship between the definite creatures and phenomena we deal with, but we have not explained the fundamental facts themselves. We have not told how they become facts. I do not at this moment know of one single fact that I would consider explained. Science has certainly not explained anything in the sense of really having accounted for it. Through science we have merely found the relationships that exist between things and phenomena but we have found none of the ultimate "whys" if indeed any of the ultimate "whats" and we are still guessing at the ultimate "hows."

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(Concluded from page 25.)

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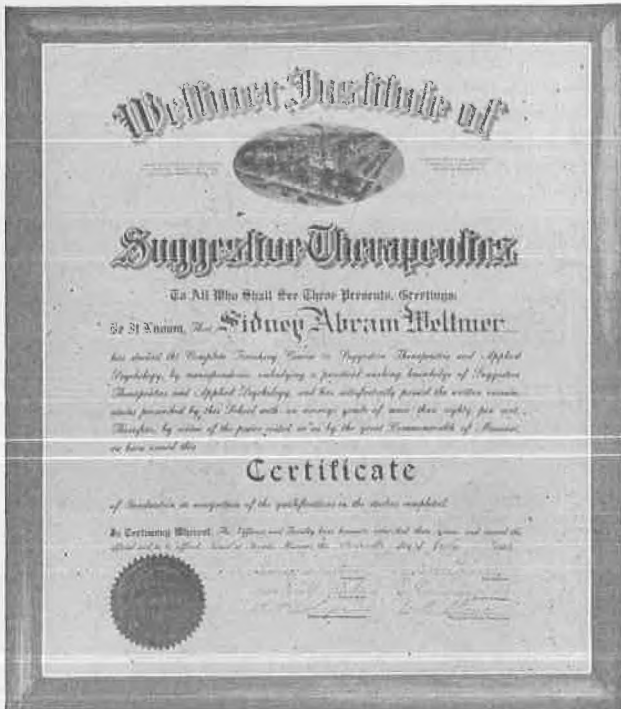
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Turn To Page 38 For
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This is a program that is worthy of what Sidney A. Weltmer and Ernest C. Weltmer have stood for, these thirty years.

To do this we need your help.

We want you to become a member of The Weltmer Foundation and to feel that this Foundation belongs to **you** as one of its members.

We want you to pledge your financial support to this Work. We need a thousand members who will pledge themselves to give one hundred dollars to this Foundation.

Will you pledge yourself for this sum?

Remember that the Weltmers are giving their interests and holdings in the Weltmer Institute to the Foundation. They are giving their all that this Work may belong to humanity and may be perpetuated for all time.

Will **you** give in the same measure?

We are not asking for a dollar or for ten dollars. We are asking you to pledge yourself for one hundred dollars. You may pay this amount at the rate of five or ten dollars a month, or you may send the full amount to the Foundation with your pledge.

Remember that a contribution now is a corner stone in this Foundation which is so needed by suffering humanity. Your contribution will bring to hundreds the teachings of the Weltmer philosophy, a new hope of a broader life, and the healing that so many need!

Remember that when you contribute to the Foundation, you are contributing to the happiness and health of your fellow man. Will you help him?

There is a pledge below for **your** use.

Sidney A. Weltmer Ernest C. Weltmer Mary G. Weltmer Edward B. Stone H. C. Ruhmkorff	}	Trustees of The Weltmer Foundation, Nevada, Missouri.
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I hereby pledge myself to contribute one hundred dollars to the Weltmer Foundation that the blessings of the Weltmer teachings may be given to the thousands who need this healing truth.

I agree to mail you the sum of \$.....on the.....of every month until the full sum of one hundred dollars has been contributed by me to the Foundation.

Here enclosed is \$....., which is the first payment on this pledge.

Mr., Mrs., Miss.....

Address

We feel that it is our duty to ask each person who has been helped and healed through the Weltmer teachings and method to contribute at this time.

Your fellow man needs your help now. You can help him through helping The Weltmer Foundation,